

The **Quill**

A MAGAZINE FOR WRITERS, EDITORS, AND PUBLISHERS

IN THIS ISSUE

SO INSTEAD OF EDITORIALS— • By Curtis D. McDougall

PRESS FREEDOM—AS THE NAZIS SEE IT • By Reuel R. Barlow

I INTERVIEWED A VOLCANO! • By Alexander MacDonald

HEADLINE HUNTING ON NEW FRONTIERS • By Edward Hunter

HE MAY HAVE FOUNDED A FIFTH ESTATE • By William Shipman Maulsby

\$2.00 A YEAR

JUNE, 1936

22¢ A COPY

THE QUILL

A MAGAZINE FOR WRITERS, EDITORS AND PUBLISHERS

Founded 1912



VOLUME XXIV

JUNE, 1936

NUMBER 6

At Deadline—R. L. P.	2
So Instead of Editorials—Curtis D. MacDougall	3
Press Freedom—As the Nazis See It—Reuel R. Barlow	5
I Interviewed a Volcano!—Alexander MacDonald	6
Headline Hunting on New Frontiers—Edward Hunter	8
He May Have Founded a Fifth Estate—William Shipman Maulsby	10
Lines to the Lancers—J. Gunnar Back	13
The Book Beat	15
Who—What—Where	17
As We View It	18

THE QUILL, a monthly magazine devoted to journalism, is owned and published by Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalistic fraternity, which was founded at DePauw University, April 17, 1909. Material appearing in the magazine may be reprinted provided that credit is given to THE QUILL.

RALPH L. PETERS, Editor

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

GEORGE F. PIERROT
World Adventure Lectures
MITCHELL V. CHARNLEY
University of Minnesota

LEE A. WHITE
The Detroit News
DONALD D. HOOVER
Bozell & Jacobs, Inc.
Hammond, Ind.

FRANK W. McDONOUGH
Better Homes & Gardens
MARTIN A. KLAVER
The Wilmington (Del.)
Morning News

VERNON MCKENZIE
University of Washington

J. GUNNAR BACK
144 Landon St., Madison, Wis.

JAMES C. KIPER, Business and Advertising Manager

PUBLICATION BOARD

WALTER R. HUMPHREY
The Temple (Texas) Telegram

CARL P. MILLER
Pacific Coast Edition, Wall Street Journal

JOHN E. STEMPEL
Easton (Pa.) Express

OFFICES

Business Office
836 Exchange Avenue
Chicago, Ill.

Editorial Office
Feature Dept., The Detroit News
Detroit, Mich.

Office of Publication
115 East Fifth Street
Fulton, Mo.

National Headquarters of Sigma Delta Chi
836 Exchange Avenue, Chicago, Ill.
JAMES C. KIPER, Executive Secretary

PLEASE REPORT ANY CHANGE OF ADDRESS DIRECT TO OUR BUSINESS OFFICE RATHER THAN TO THE POST OFFICE. A request for change of address must reach us not later than the first week of month preceding month of issue with which change is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With new address send also the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy. Unless extra postage is provided, Post Office will not forward copies to your new address.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.—Five years, \$7.50; one year, \$2.00; single copies, 25 cents.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Fulton, Mo., under the act of August 24, 1912. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in par. 4, sec. 412, P. L. & R.



AT DEADLINE

By R. L. P.

PERHAPS it's only natural that this issue of THE QUILL—following as it does the World Wide issue—should also have something of a rambling flair.

While plenty of attention is paid to things in this country, you will also find articles against the background of Nazi Germany, Hawaii, Manchuria and Ethiopia.

Yes, as we've said before, THE QUILL does get around!

THE fact we are printing another article from Reuel R. Barlow this month (he has been in THE QUILL on several other occasions) brings to mind a story which has given us quite a few chuckles, and, we hope, will do the same for you.

Anyway, here's the story: Barlow returned not so long ago from an extended trip abroad. While there he wrote several feature articles which appeared in various papers in the United States.

One of these articles—a remarkably fine one—was used as an Armistice Day feature in several of the largest papers in the country. It was the story of a soldier making his first return to the battle fields of France since the Armistice enabled him to turn homeward to pick up his life anew.

After nearly 20 years he lived again the grim, terrible and yet memorable years of conflict. Comrades he'd almost forgotten walked beside him as he wandered over the now green-carpeted battlefields. They spoke to him—they asked questions, disturbing questions.

All of these things Reuel Barlow packed into an article full of feeling. He knew of what he wrote—for he had fought over those same fields as a member of the 32nd Division. It was a story that came from the heart.

THE lords of the rim were discussing the article one day after the copies of the Sunday feature section had been distributed.

"That," remarked one of them, a veteran himself, "is a damned swell story."

"Yes," agreed another, "if they had that sort of piece in the magazine

[Concluded on page 19]

So Instead of Editorials—



Curtis D. MacDougall

An Editor Reports the Results of Unusual Editorial Venture

By CURTIS D. MACDOUGALL

Editor, Evanston (Ill.) News-Index

FOR more than a year I have been writing a signed, illustrated column of personal opinion instead of formal, anonymous editorials. For several months it appeared under the transitional title of "Instead of Editorials" and at present is headed, "The Editor Says."

It took me a long time to summon sufficient courage to adopt what the prophets say will be the orthodox practice of editors of the future. Despite my qualms, however, it was an experiment which has worked. Before relating why and how, an explanation of my reasons for making the change is in order.

WHEN there was no Pulitzer editorial writing prize for 1934 I became convinced that the critics had been justified for years in declaring, as H. L. Mencken did recently at the annual *Associated Press* convention, that the traditional editorial page is decadent.

Possibly as many persons in proportion to the total population read the editorials of some newspaper today as in the halcyon decades of Greeley, Godkin and Dana; however, with the newspaper reading public greatly enlarged over those days, the editorial readers now constitute a much smaller proportion than formerly of the newspaper's subscribers.

Not only did this fact seem indisputable as a result of several statistical studies of newspaper reading habits, such as that conducted about five years ago at the University of

Iowa, but it seemed logically inevitable because of the changes which have taken place in American journalism since the neo-Pulitzer-Hearst era began.

MOST important of those changes, from the standpoint of the editor ambitious of being influential, has been the gradual but steady transfer of the critical functions of the editorial page to other parts of the paper. Whereas, formerly it was the anonymous editorial writer alone who gave interpretations and expressed opinions, today editorial criticism has been departmentalized and by-lined. No longer does the reader with a specialized interest look to the formal editorials for the "inside dope." Rather, he finds what he wants—expert comment by authorities whose names have prestige value—on the sports page, financial page, business page, women's page, radio page, automobile page, book review page, art-drama-music page, and so forth.

Not only is editorial policy in the fields mentioned to be found expressed on pages other than the editorial; in addition, there has arisen a veritable

army of by-lined interpretive writers who supplement their impartial news stories with articles of opinion and interpretation, and also an almost equally large number of informal columnists who have mastered the art of making the serious entertaining.

Admittedly, most editors of editorial pages have done little to compete with departmentalized critics, by-lined authorities and columnists; but virtually everything that has been tried to revive interest in the formal editorial page has failed, including: innovations in rhetorical style such as shorter paragraphs, shorter editorials and simpler language; "freak" typography such as larger type, column-and-a-half width, bold face, italics, news headlines, and other features or attention-getters on the same page, such as cartoons, Bible verses, platforms, letters to the editor, health and other advice columns, humor, reprinted editorials and special articles.

In my opinion, while these "extras" on the editorial page may draw some readers to it, the interest is in the other-than-editorial material and not in the formal paragraphs of anonymous wisdom themselves. And—most

NEWSPAPERS are in a period of change—with innovations and experiments marking almost every department. In the April issue of *THE QUILL* there appeared on this page an account of an Illinois paper's experiment and now established practice of leaving crime news off page one.

This month we bring you the results of an experiment conducted by another Illinois editor, Curtis D. MacDougall, of the Evanston News-Index who did away with the traditional style of editorials in that paper a year ago and substituted a signed editorial column.

Mr. MacDougall, whose journalistic career includes service with the United Press in Chicago, editorial work on various Wisconsin papers and on the St. Louis Star-Times, also the teaching of journalism at Lehigh University and the University of Wisconsin, was the subject of an interesting biographical article by J. Douglas Perry, head of the Department of Journalism at Butler University, in the February issue of *THE QUILL*.

important of all—I believe it is the anonymity of the formal editorials and the restrictions this anonymity puts upon the editorial writer that account for the acknowledged impotence of most of what passes as newspaper editorial expression in the Twentieth Century.

Formal anonymous editorials lack the authority which readers really eager to think straight on matters of public interest demand before they are open to conviction or persuasion. Many editors recently have “whistled in the dark” and have denied the waning power of their brain children, but the readers nevertheless ask, “Who says so?” and “Why can’t he say it so we can understand it?” And they read what appears under the names of writers in whom they have come to have confidence as persons actually close to the situations about which they express opinions and to the radio commentators whose names are known and whose voices actually may be heard.

AFTER I had arrived at the point of view which I have just set forth, the alternatives were clearer: either drop the formal, anonymous editorial as an anachronism or so modify it as to make it a competitor on an equal basis with the other media of opinion in which people have come to place greater confidence.

To eliminate the editorials, it seemed to me, would necessitate a further development of departmentalized criticism because, as Dr. M. Lyle Spencer, now head of the school of journalism of Syracuse University, said long ago—the mere publication of news carries with it the implied obligation to interpret it. Or else it would mean abandonment of the attempt at impartiality and objectivity in the ordinary news columns.

Although I am not so sure that editors of the future will not openly as well as covertly abandon the pretense of a complete divorce between editorial policy and news reporting and writing (because such a thing as objective writing is an impossibility and many attempts to achieve it mean a greater distortion of the truth than a frankly opinionate account), through sheer lack of facilities I was forced to abandon the alternative of dropping editorials entirely because of the implications I have explained.

There was nothing left to do, therefore, but say “Bye, Bye, Editorials” and begin writing my signed column. In the first effort, the sub-head of which I have just quoted, I said in part:

“Editorials are the bunk.
“Few like to read them; nobody enjoys writing them.

“From the standpoint of the reader they are like a telephone conversation in which the anonymous person at the other end of the line bawls you out, throws in an occasional compliment, threatens, hints and praises himself and then hangs up before you have a chance to answer and without disclosing his identity.

“As for the editorial writer the literary restrictions of the traditional editorial form cramp his style to the point of ineffectiveness. To understand what I mean try to write a personal letter without a single first person pronoun.

“It can, of course, be done but what you have when you have finished is an impersonal, jejune thing devoid of all personality and warmth which to your correspondent is about as welcome as the rest of his mail on the first of the month.”

MY opinion hasn’t changed after a year’s experience. Immediately, what just previously had been a tremendously difficult task became an easy and a pleasant one. Whereas, formerly it frequently had been necessary to discard certain topics which suggested themselves for comment because I just couldn’t do justice to them while adhering to the rigid rules of the formal editorial style, I discovered that, with all rhetorical shackles broken, there was nothing I couldn’t tackle.

May I hasten to say that perhaps two-thirds of what I write today is in the third person. The other third, however, is not, and most of the topics which I discuss in the first or second person never would have been touched upon otherwise. Furthermore, even in the third-person pieces I have found it possible to utilize material which, if mine were not a signed column, I otherwise could not use. Personal anecdotes and experiences are taboo in the formal editorial or else have all the juice squeezed out of them in the telling. Yet what makes a better illustration of a point than a firsthand incident of the type the by-lined special writers and the syndicated inside-dopers use?

One example which occurred shortly after I made the change followed a successful news room stunt of having a “ringer” cast 19 ballots in the municipal election. I began my column, under the sub-head, “R. I. P.” as follows:

“Yesterday at Springfield, Major M. Stephens, *Daily News-Index* reporter, and I told the sub-commit-

tee of the committee on elections of the House of Representatives how Mr. Stephens cast 19 ballots in the Evanston election April 2.

“We appeared upon the written invitation of Chairman Frank Ryan in a somewhat puzzled frame of mind as to why we had been asked. We were not long finding out. Our presence was desired so that we might tell the sub-committee and the 50 or more spectators that in our judgment the house bills now pending would not provide permanent registration for Evanston.

“That was the only reason we were asked to Springfield, not because the sub-committee is interested in Evanston’s situation or in the proposed bill. On the contrary our testimony is to be used as argument that the present bills be defeated and that substitute bills, providing permanent registration on a statewide basis, be introduced.”

Then I went ahead to relate our experiences before the committee, the conversations I had with members of the General Assembly and state officials, and, after about six inches of it, concluded:

“To epitomize, the hearing of the sub-committee of the committee on elections of the House of Representatives of the State of Illinois yesterday at Springfield was a pre-arranged farce. The Chicago Democrats are determined that there shall be no permanent registration bill passed at this session of the legislature, and there won’t be. So that’s that. It was a pleasant drive down and back and a day of Springfield weather helped my cold. . . .”

IT might have been possible to have given as intimate an account of my experiences in a signed article, but that would have been merely an editorial column in another part of the paper. It would not have been possible to have clinched my points regarding the efforts of the political machine to defeat the efforts of the Evanston and other chapters of the League of Women Voters in a formal, anonymous editorial.

As I see it, an editorial should be in the nature of a daily letter from the editor to his readers. As such it should be as intimate and personal as an ordinary piece of informal correspondence passing between two friends. Accepted as such it is obvious the leeway enjoyed by the writer. He is, as Albert Jay Nock said of the columnists in an article in *Harpers* for March, 1928, the modern-style king’s jester.

[Concluded on page 12]

Nazi Germany Boasts of Press Freedom



Reuel R. Barlow

By REUEL R. BARLOW

Associate Professor, School of Journalism, University of Illinois

NAZI press leaders boast that the German press is the freest in the world. They declare that the so-called "free press" in France, England, and the United States is, in fact, not free.

The reason the German press is "free," according to their view, is that under National Socialist dictatorship it has been freed of the necessity of serving the owner's "selfish" interests or the interests of a group or faction. It is free now to serve the interests of the German people as a whole and the German nation. A press that is divided uses its energies in combating the opposition. A controlled, united press need only exert itself to build a more powerful state and race. All questions are solved from the point of view of the welfare of the German nation, not of a clique or class.

Such is the German philosophy. The idea of a press working for the welfare of the nation rather than the interests of a clique is not one to be scoffed at.

And when the Nazi press chiefs tell you that the reason the French press is not free is because it sells itself to armament makers, foreign powers, and other selfish interests, they are too often speaking with veracity. The French press by its venality cannot always boast of its "freedom."

The American press, they will admit, is incorruptible. Yet it is not a free press, they insist, because it is dominated by private, selfish motives, not by disinterested motives of service to the general welfare. It serves the in-

terests of a Hearst, not of America. There is some truth occasionally in this contention, also.

Where the Germans err is, first, in assuming that an editor who is compelled to serve the National Socialist state is "free." They assume that freedom means not merely the opportunity to serve the state, but it includes the use of compulsion, force, even the threat of death for treason, to make editors serve the nation. And their definition goes further and says editors must serve the Nazi state. It cannot be a republican state, or a democracy, or any other kind of a state.

Of course, in the United States we insist that editors uphold the kind of a state ordained by the Constitution. Yet our system is flexible. There is opportunity for different applications of the Constitution, and editors may disagree with the authorities concerning the kind of governmental measures to be employed in applying Constitutional principles. There is no such freedom in the Nazi state.

The Germans err also in assuming that all English and American editors

are working for their own pocketbooks and not for the welfare of the nation. They ascribe only base motives. They will not admit that there are German editors who are actuated by private rather than social interests, even in their support of Hitlerism. They will not admit in their reasoning—because to do so would be fatal to it—that there are American editors who, by their free choice, labor to build a better community and a better state and nation. They assume, in all their speeches and writings which I have read, that only base, selfish, partisan motives actuate the American press.

This assumption is, of course, not true. If American editors did not promote the public welfare, they would soon be superseded by somebody who would. They would quickly meet such public odium that they would cease to be useful even to themselves as editors. The German assumption of base motives applies occasionally here and there in America, but it is an error in their reasoning to build their entire conception of freedom of the press upon occasional exceptions.

Many German editors really feel free today. They are no different from large elements of the German people, whose patriotism and national pride have made them throw themselves into the work of reconstruction in Germany with full hearts. These editors are working for a cause, which is the regeneration of Germany, as holy to them as liberty may be to an American. Yet when a difference regarding methods in public affairs may arise, the German editor is not free to make a choice. The method to be used is dictated from above.

The American ideal, of course, is the editor who serves his public honestly by his own free choice. To hold a whip over him would be to subject him to a form of slavery.

The American, who because of his freedom, is enabled, by hoodwinking the public, to work with a crooked clique in politics or business, is the price we must pay for freedom of the press. Because his number is not increasing, but is decreasing, we need not envy German "efficiency" methods in getting rid of his type. The German philosophy of public service is admirable. Its methods of compulsion are slavery.

REUEL R. BARLOW, who wrote the accompanying article on the Nazi press, returned to the United States several months ago after an extended visit in Europe studying press conditions in various Dictatorlands, doing research and conducting interviews.

Mr. Barlow has been associated with the School of Journalism at the University of Illinois since 1927. Prior to that, he served on the editorial staffs of the *Madison Democrat*, the *Wisconsin State Journal* and the *La Crosse Leader-Press* in Wisconsin, the *Marion (O.) Star*, *Hot Springs (Ark.) Sentinel-Record*, the *Minneapolis News* and the *Minneapolis Tribune*.

He has contributed numerous articles on journalistic subjects to **THE QUILL** and other professional publications.

I Interviewed a Volcano!

By ALEXANDER MACDONALD

FROM Honolulu it seemed as though the hem of the night's dark skirt had caught afire. From the steamer rail it was a tatter of red glowing in the southern sky, nearly 200 miles away. Even from that distance—perhaps because of it—the sight was an awesome one.

Early that evening a radio message had crackled the news from the Big Island. Mauna Loa in eruption! A wide seam split open in the mountain-side and red hot lava spewing from the depths of the great Hawaii volcano. Five-hundred-foot fountains of molten fire spurting from the fissure in her side, then falling and beginning to flow down a 12,000-foot path toward the sea. The red reflection of the eruption written across miles of Hawaiian sky.

Honolulu newspapers, in sudden, systematic eruptions of their own, had poured out extras an hour after first word from the Big Island. Honoluluans had hurried into the hills of Oahu and had gone down to the sea to look across nearly 200 miles of Pacific to watch the red glow in the southern sky. And a hasty steamer excursion had been formed. The "Waialeale" would desert her regular schedule to make an overnight run to the island of Hawaii.

WITH about 300 other Honoluluans I had made hurried preparations and caught the steamer just about to sail. My equipment was not very complete for an ascent of a volcano more than two miles high. I had one thin blanket, hiking clothes, flashlight and my cameras, one for motion pictures and another for still shots. But it seemed enough for my mission—to make an overnight hike up the volcano peak, get close-ups of Mauna Loa in action and hurry back to Honolulu with the news in pictures. Haste, not comfort nor completeness, was the important thing.

The "Waialeale" pushed toward the glow in the sky all night and in the morning reached Hilo, tiny capital of the Big Island.

The sleepy little city was bustling that morning with unaccustomed activity. Tourists piling off the steamer crowded restaurants and bought up every means of transportation. Excitement in the air, but little fear. First reports had indicated the lava flow might head east and lumber down the hills toward Hilo. White and na-

tive residents, mindful of the 1926 flow which wiped out the village of Honau-nau, looked apprehensively toward the smoke billowing around the twin peaks of Mauna Loa and Mauna Kea. But the first night's flow gave assurance it was seeking a path toward the sea toward the north, over barren, uninhabited grasslands.

Mauna Loa was 60 miles from Hilo, its base beginning from the belt road that ran around the island. How to get there? Three University of Hawaii students who had come over on the boat aided to solve the problem. They had already got an option on an antiquated limousine and the driver would take us around the road, then up the mountainside trail as far as he could. It was a bargain. In another half hour we were off.

ALONG the island highway drowsy native villages—Papaikou, Pepeekeo, Laupahoehoe, Paaui, Honokaa—had turned out to watch volcano-bound cars whizz by. Coffee-skinned Hawaiians who should have been out on the reefs fishing or tending their taro crops, shouted greetings as cars rolled by. "Pehea oe!" they cried and we shouted back from the car "Maikai!" For them Madame Pele, fire goddess of pagan days, had returned to her old haunts atop the volcano and her visit cast over the villages, like the annual appearance of Santa Claus, a sort of holiday air.

At Waimea, a cluster of wooden shacks and grass-thatched houses, we bought provisions from a wizened Japanese storekeeper—a sack of oranges and some chocolate bars. They would carry us through the night. And we filled a quart soda bottle with water to take along. Then we turned off the highway and headed up a winding dirt road, crawling upland through clouds

of dust for Humuula where the road would end at a lonely sheep station.

My companions, I found, were all from the Mainland—Everett, the stocky blond, from Utah; lanky Gus, from Texas, and Denison, youngest of the three, from California—and this was their first sight of a volcano in eruption.

It wasn't much to see as we crawled up the road, usually in second gear. By day there was only the mass of angry black clouds billowing from the hills and a serpentine trail of whiter smoke trailing down the volcanoside, marking the path of the lava flow. But in the air was a dull rumble, like the roar when a furnace door is flung open, that suggested some of the fury frothing beneath the crust of this island summit.

IT WAS late afternoon when our weary old car panted to a rest at the sheep station, about 7,000 feet up on Mauna Loa's side. There the aged Hawaiian herder who presided over a clump of weather-beaten sheds invited us into his shack to share a meal of canned meat and boiled taro. We accepted, deciding to wait until dark before pushing on afoot for the eruption, for it would be easier to trace the flow at night.

At dusk the eruption appeared against the background of night in all its fierce splendor. Spellbound, we stared from the Humuula ridge at the spectacle.

Where by day had been a mass of clouds now burst an escaped portion of Inferno. From a great crack in the mountainside huge fountains sprayed red-hot lava high into the night sky. Smoke still swirled from the fissure but hardly smudged the ten-million candlepower glare that lighted the awesome scene. The molten lava spouting from the cauldrons beneath fell and dribbled like spilled catsup down the volcano slope. The barren fields of other lava flows were lighted

NOT every reporter can expect his city editor to order him to cover the eruption of a volcano—but it's possible to be given such an assignment in Honolulu. Alexander MacDonald, on the staff of the Honolulu Advertiser, was directed some months ago to cover the eruption of Mauna Loa. He takes you with him on the quest. Mr. MacDonald, a graduate of Boston University's journalism department, has been in Honolulu for three years after serving on the staffs of the Boston American, Rhode Island and Connecticut newspapers.

almost like day by the glow. And now, at night, it seemed that the pit inside had redoubled its roar.

The fissure that had been blasted in Mauna Loa's side was, we knew, about 12,500 feet high. How far across the lava fields that was we could not tell but it looked in the night hardly two miles away. We decided to make an all-night hike, take our pictures, perhaps some at dawn, then get back in the morning to the car for the return to Hilo. This was worth a night of any man's sleep.

WE STARTED out, the Portuguese driver coming along. The first hundred yards told us that this was no easy adventure. From Humuula to Mauna Loa's peak the ground was made up of lava from flows that went back geological ages ago. Some fields were cooled *a-a* lava, that type which lumbers slowly from its source, picking up everything in its path. Others were hardened *pahoehoe* flows, the molten type of lava which streams more rapidly, like syrup, from its source. The cinder-like surface of the lava fields wore through our shoes like rasps.

The treacherous footing, lighted only by the wavering glare from the eruption, claimed a victim when we had been hiking only three hours. Denison stumbled and turned his ankle so that he could not go on. His ankle fast swelling, he limped away with Manuel, the driver, to go back to Hilo. Everett, Gus and I would push on, carrying blankets, food and cameras between us.

By midnight we reached the "front lines," a flow of live *a-a* lava. It was a wall of rocks about 10 feet high lumbering along about ten feet an hour. From the inside of the flow, which was about 30 or 40 feet wide, the live lava glowed but the outside crust was heavily studded with rocks and debris picked up along the path.

We were about 10,000 feet up and it had grown cold, about 40 degrees. Our objective, the live lava fountains, were still miles away. So I suggested a plan. Why not camp here by the warmth of the *a-a* lava and spend another day, perhaps another night, on Mauna Loa? "Why not?" Gus and Everett agreed.

WE MADE beds by the queerest fireplace perhaps man ever used. Spreading our three thin blankets on the ancient lava field, we stretched out within a dozen feet of the slowly moving *a-a* flow. Two would sleep an hour at a time while the third stood guard. At the end of an hour shift, when the lava had moved close, we changed watch and shifted beds another dozen feet ahead of the flow! It was only



Alexander MacDonald, author of the accompanying article, caught by a cameraman as he interviewed U. S. Navy airmen following their record formation flight from California to Hawaii.

partially comfortable, for while one's side toward the lava was warm enough, the other side, toward the crisp night air, was cold.

At dawn, as the break of day snuffed out the crimson glory of the eruption ahead, we had a chill breakfast of an orange apiece and chocolate and a taste of water from the quart bottle. Then we pushed on. The lava fountains still seemed but a mile or two ahead but it began to look as though we were chasing a mirage. All day we tramped, skirting around the lava, which we kept always a half mile or so to our right.

Our shoes began to go. Everett's light tennis shoes had been worn through by the rasp-like lava so he changed to the extra leather pair he carried. Even my knee-high hiking boots were fast going to bits. But we would not give up. Surely we would reach our goal that night.

We didn't. Clambering over wastes of broken *a-a* lava we covered perhaps five meager miles all day and as the night began again to enhance the spectacle ahead it seemed that our will-o'-the-wisp eruption was still a couple of tantalizing miles away.

We crouched that night under the leeward shelf of an old lava ridge, shivering through the hours until dawn. The third day we pushed on, traveling now on empty stomachs, weary feet and tattered shoes. There was little in the daytime sight to spur us on—only billowing smoke ahead and an occasional burst of steam to our right that distinguished moving lava from the ancient, crusted beds. But there was always the growing roar of

the inferno from underground to urge us on.

We trudged on, broiling in the sun by day where we had nearly frozen at night. Across the saddle we could see, as we sweated in the sun, the snow-capped peak of Mauna Kea.

A glad shout from Gus late that afternoon announced discovery of an old trail that evidently led to the summit of Mauna Loa. In the growing dark we started up, confident now we were almost there. About midnight we came to a marker announcing: "Water Hole. Altitude 12,000 Feet."

Water! Hastily we dropped blankets and cameras and looked for water holes. A half hour's search revealed not a trace of water, but beneath shelves of lava caverns we did find icicles. There was enough to quench our thirsts and more to crunch up in our drained water bottle for future supply. Thus fortified, we pushed on and a half mile further, as we reached the top of a ridge, we came upon our eruption. What a sight!

ABOUT 600 feet from the trail a vast cone of black roared out of the hillside. At least 200 feet high, it was a formation built up by lava spewing out of the earth beneath and then spilling back. The earth trembled underfoot. The roar was incredible—like that of a blast furnace a million times magnified.

Out of the cone a fountain of live lava was shot hundreds of feet into the air, hissing and bubbling with fury. Much of it spilled back but over the sides of the cone a molten stream started down the mountainside, coiling into channels in the old lava fields and

[Concluded on page 17]

THE two most important and most bizarre experiences that any newspaperman could have undergone on the international stage since the World War were the colonial adventures of Japan in Manchuria and Italy in Abyssinia.

He saw politics in the raw in both places. He saw life in the flesh, naked. He saw twentieth century ideals dumped into the crucible of reality—and saw them melt in the pitiless heat of intrigue and hatred. He was far enough from smug Europe and swirling America to get a long-distance perspective of how things were happening back there—to feel somewhat like a man on Mars would feel if he could watch the antics of our civilization through some miraculous telescope.

First, he saw international politics in the raw, and raw. Official communiques were converted into weapons of diplomacy with only the vaguest relation to the facts. He had to be constantly on the defensive against being utilized as a tool, as a publicity man. Only a limited few, and these limited few were among the Americans, were able to withstand the high-pressure tactics of government spokesmen and official high-binders, who supported their particular version of what was happening, and especially what was not happening, by every manner of influence from a free whisky and soda to reduced rates for train travel to special facilities for news "beats."

PROBABLY the weirdest sight I saw either in East Africa or the Far East presented itself to my eyes one early morning when I left my barrack room at Asmara, Eritrea. I saw a well-fed, pink body attired in a G-string squatting outside a neighboring barrack. The body belonged to a Spanish correspondent who was busily rubbing the contents of a bottle over his skin.

He noticed my astonishment, and explained that he needed a sunburn, and quick. The bottle alongside him indeed contained a tanning preparation.

"I've just been recalled," he explained.

Only those who knew him could guess the connection between the sunburn and his recall to Spain. He frankly told those who did not understand, however, that as his stories had contained such vivid eye-witness details of the warfare, he at least had to have a sunburn.

This man had never left Asmara. This undoubtedly was why there were probably more exciting details in his

Headline Hunting

dispatches than in those of any other correspondent. He would triumphantly show copies of his newspaper to his colleagues. One issue, for example, told how he had fought his way into Makalle with the Italians. The newspapermen who had made the strenuous trip with the troops could only write that the entry into Makalle was a march and not a battle.

His stories were illustrated. Several Mohammedans and dusky Coptic Christians were employed in front of his barracks to pose for these action pictures.

One day even the docile Italian newspapermen joshed him over a particularly vivid account of glory and victory.

"I am not here for the truth," he retorted with Latin oratorical fervor. "I am here to do publicity for the Italians."

There was nothing they could answer to that! The only difference I noticed between this correspondent and some others was that this man was frank, at least.

WE had humor in the Far East, too, during the Sino-Japanese War over Manchuria, but it was of a more innocent variety.

It might be provided, for instance, by the sight of a uniformed Japanese officer stepping out and doing a sword

dance in a Harbin night club, the sword almost clipping the upright hairs on the heads of scared and chubby Chinese businessmen out to make a night of it.

Or again the humor might be provided by a Japanese detective explaining that he represented a nonexistent newspaper and that he was "very sorry, would you like have drink?"

A young assistant military attache for one of the neutral powers became curious one day over the constant notes with which one of these obvious small-town detectives was filling his little notebook. They all carried notebooks and scrub pencils. He accepted the invitation for "a drink," but instead plied his host with alcoholic refreshments.

Somehow or other, the little detective misplaced his little notebook. It was "found," however, by a journalist the next day and given back to him, after the detective had sorrowfully told all the newspapermen that he would lose his job if he didn't find it!

The assistant military attache happened to be a student of the Japanese language. He translated the notes in the book, and gave the newsmen a great laugh. In fact, I must confess that it was we who urged him on to this, as none of us could read Japanese.

Never before had we realized so many notes could be gathered on so

RARELY does one have the opportunity to sit in an informal group and hear an outstanding foreign correspondent spin absorbing and at the same time revealing behind-the-scenes incidents and anecdotes of news-gathering in remote corners of the world.

The next best thing is to have one of those correspondents set down some of his experiences, some of the highlights of his news-work adventures, in an informal, personal letter style sort of article such as *THE QUILL* delights in bringing to you from time to time.

And we feel that we have one of the best of such articles in the accompanying piece by Edward Hunter, attached to the Paris Bureau of *I. N. S.*, who has covered two recent "wars" in Manchuria and Ethiopia. Headline Hunting Hunter broke into newspaper work as a printer's devil on the *New York Evening Post*. He has been covering assignments for the last 17 years.

He says his most thrilling experience was helping ransom a missionary captured by bandits in the Ordos Desert, Mongolia, wondering all the time whether the bandits would keep their word or grab him too. His most difficult assignment, he adds, was confirming the reported massacre of the inhabitants of three villages by Japanese soldiers in Manchuria.

on New Frontiers

Flashes Behind the Scenes From Manchuria to Ethiopia

By EDWARD HUNTER

Staff Correspondent, International News Service

many trivial subjects. The detective had recorded what the newsmen ate, whether they liked the company of the opposite sex well or too well, where they went and how they looked. The names of the correspondents and their agencies were misspelt in every case, and usually garbled or erroneous! What the Japanese authorities could do with the mess of such material being gathered by so many correspondence school detectives was one of the unanswered questions of the Sino-Japanese conflict.

THERE were always means of getting news out when you really wanted to there, however, but not so in East Africa. In Manchuria, stories which the Chinese would not pass could always be sent by Japanese wires, and vice versa. But there were no other wires in Eritrea. Newspapermen who asked to go for a week-end to Khar-toum, in the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, were told they would not be permitted back. No chances were being taken with newsmen taking an airplane trip to a city with a British telegraph office!

I do not know of any important stories which were suppressed for any length of time in the Manchurian imbroglio. I know of plenty, however, which were suppressed in East Africa until they were valueless as news, or had been discredited by a preparatory press setting composed of "news releases" elsewhere.

Censorship of mail by the Japanese and Chinese was spasmodic and inefficient, but not so in Italian East Africa. Each letter which a newspaper correspondent wrote had to be handed in unsealed. The censor would seal it after reading, translation and recording. Even letters to your wife! There were no outside means of sending mail, for that territory is woefully isolated.

Newspapermen in East Africa asked departing colleagues or newspapermen to take letters for them, but this was discouraged by the strict search

made of outgoing baggage. I know of numerous letters having been confiscated this way.

NEWSPAPERMEN are human, after all, and require relaxation. There was plenty in Manchuria. But not so in Italian East Africa. The Fascist party discovered a billiard table in the hotel at Asmara, and suppressed it! Amusement was out of keeping with the martial spirit!

The result was what was to be expected, highly bizarre. The high altitude undoubtedly helped. It did funny things to men who never before had been known to go on a rampage. The newspapermen were quartered in special barracks in the compound of the aforementioned hotel which had offended by virtue of its billiard table. These barracks were small, one-story affairs containing four rooms and a shower each. The roof was of tin, slanted, and the walls, ceilings and floors of brown Canadian pulp wood. These buildings were of the portable type constructed with blocks of this patented wood each several feet square, fitted together with tin molding, like a child's toy.

The suppressed emotions of the international corps of newspapermen usually broke forth at false dawn, those bright wee hours when cocks begin to crow, then discover that it isn't morning and go back to sleep. This was when the tension of the day's work finally ended, when there was no longer fear of communiques being missed or important Italians not being seen. The tension broke with a bang.

Usually it would start with some home-comer tossing a handful of pebbles on the tin roof of one of the barrack buildings. They would rattle down the inclined sides like a machine gun in operation. The inmates of that barrack, and near-by ones, would awake simultaneously.

Invariably they would grasp their trophies from the walls. These, ac-



International Newsreel Photo

Edward Hunter

quired in a thorough combing of curio shops and warpaths, consisted of poison arrows, spears, scimitars, broadswords, muskets and pistols. A mock battle would follow under the moonlight. I know of one British correspondent whose hand was slashed by a sword. A pistol was fired off outside the window of a titled, world-famous woman correspondent. The walls and doors were punctuated with poison darts. Sometimes a wall, floor or door would cave in, but that didn't matter—it could easily be patched next morning with some more blocks of Canadian pulp wood!

SEVERAL Italian officers started to put up their tents between the barracks while on leave at Asmara. This practice ceased after a German correspondent, a former army officer himself, just before dawn one morning pointed out one such tent as an enemy ghebi (palace), and the newspapermen undoubtedly won the charge. No African tribe ever dashed to war with more triumphant glee-cries.

The most humorous incident I witnessed took place one afternoon. I returned to the barracks to find a crowd of black-faced servants and passers-by gathered about a porch. I heard a woman's voice, distinctly irritated, exclaim:

"Call the police! Bring the gendarmes! Summon the police!"

I inquired what had happened. I was told her pet turtle had disappeared. A Mohammedan servant was suspected. It seems that this turtle had always accompanied her on reportorial trips. It was a perfect campaign companion. It went days

[Continued on page 15]

He May Have Founded a Fifth

DYNAMIC Roy W. Howard—Scripps-Howard's number one reporter, number one publisher, number one executive—has risen to his feet at a Sigma Delta Chi dinner in New York City.

Almost the first words he speaks are these:

"I am tremendously interested in this work Gallup is doing. It may be that his polls will turn out to be a Fifth Estate as important to the country as newspapers themselves."

THE man who has aroused Mr. Howard's enthusiasm is the previous speaker: Dr. George H. Gallup, who, as the managing director of the American Institute of Public Opinion, is responsible for the weekly polls which, under the name "America Speaks," are now appearing in more than 70 newspapers with a combined circulation of more than 7,000,000. It is these polls that in a series of brilliant scoops were:

First to report that Landon had passed Borah as favorite among Republican voters for the presidential nomination.

First to report the trend of Roosevelt's popularity each month beginning February, 1934.

First to show that, whereas nine voters out of ten favor old age pen-

sions only one out of twenty-six thinks the Townsend sum of \$200 a month is the right amount for each individual pensioner.

First to show that the public had turned against the AAA before the Supreme Court decision.

First to report that Democrats as well as Republicans think there is politics in relief.

First to show that the country is overwhelmingly in favor of balancing the budget and starting to reduce the national debt.

First to report that since Huey Long's death support for a Third Party has been nearly cut in half.

First to show that Roosevelt is more popular than the New Deal.

First to report that the two major parties have reversed their traditional stand on States Rights.

First . . . but why go on? Reports of the polls have been appearing weekly since last October. Any serious student of public opinion or journalism can get a file of all the releases at the office of one of his favorite newspapers.

WHO is this George H. Gallup?

How does he get his results? Is he a tea leaf reader or a coin tosser, both of which epithets were hurled at his head in one paragraph in an Iowa

Dr. Gallup, Who T How It Stands on

By WILLIAM SHIPMAN

HERE is a timely article on a man and his work. Dr. George H. Gallup, the American Institute of Public Opinion, has published in some of the country's leading newspapers under the significant title, "America Speaks."

Inaugurated at a time when the country was more serious minded than it had been in years—the feature has attracted wide interest. In many quarters it is regarded as one of the most important contributions to national affairs ever made.

This article tells you something of the way the polls are conducted, and what they are an accurate reflection of the nation's mood for the present period.

newspaper? Is he in the pay of Wall Street? Is he a Republican, as some highly placed Democrats have called him? Or is it true, as Republicans have asserted, that he is part of the Democratic high command and has sworn on oath to wreck Constitutional government in this country?

Gallup does not happen to be any of these picturesque things. He is merely a scientist who is trying to do something practical about solving a problem that has perplexed statesmen and political writers for many years. Presidents like Abraham Lincoln, Andrew Jackson, Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson time and again affirmed their faith in the soundness of the opinions of the common man. Writers and commentators like James Bryce and Walter Lippmann have longed for the day to come when some scientific way could be devised for learning public sentiment on issues of the day accurately and quickly. But despite hundreds of thousands of words of oratory and of political comment, until Gallup came along few persons had done anything specific about finding out what public opinion is.

Gallup has been measuring public opinion in one form or another since



Bringing in the Ballots

fifth Estate—

o Tells the World on Timely Topics

SHIPMAN MAULSBY

a man and his work—Dr. George H. Gallup of Public Opinion and its weekly *America Speaks*.

the country was probably more seen in years—perhaps in all its history of wide interest, following and comment. It is considered as one of the most significant contributions ever made by the nation's press.

Thinking of the man responsible for the work, and why their showing should be the nation's viewpoint at a particular



George H. Gallup

the '20's when he was doing graduate work at the University of Iowa. He is the man who invented the only practical way yet devised for finding out how many newspaper readers ever glance at an editorial or follow the fortunes of the hero of a continuity strip. He has done consultant work in this field for many of the most important newspapers and magazines in the United States. Gallup also has invented methods of checking the popularity and effectiveness of radio programs. Last February he won the silver medal given by *Advertising & Selling* for his distinguished contribution to advertising research as head of the copy research department of Young & Rubicam.

Gallup has taught journalism at Iowa, Drake and Northwestern, and is now a visiting professor of journalism at Columbia University. Ten years ago he founded Quill and Scroll, the national honorary society for high school journalists.

BACK in December, 1933, Gallup had got to the point where he could not see any reason why the same sort of technique that measured public opinion about reading matter in newspapers and magazines, about adver-

tisements and about radio programs would not work to measure public sentiment on major political, social and economic issues of the day. And, consequently, with one man to help him, he set out to put his theories to the test. Today he is employing more than 250 special representatives located in every state, nearly 40 persons at poll headquarters in Princeton, New Jersey and a dozen more in an editorial office in New York City. He is currently distributing between 100,000 and 250,000 ballots by mail and by personal interviewer for each issue on which he makes a report.

Between December, 1933, and October, 1935, when the first poll of the American Institute of Public Opinion was reported to the public, Gallup conducted 54 nation-wide polls. Always he was striving to select a cross-section of the population that would be representative of all the voters in the country.

The theory behind measuring public opinion is that if a cross-section of the public is correctly selected the returns from that scientific sample will be in the same proportion that would exist if every adult in the country were asked to express his views. Theoretically, statisticians had known for nearly 200 years that the idea is correct. Practically, Gallup had proved it again and again for newspapers, for magazines, for advertisers and for radio programs.

Test borings work for mining engineers. Scientific sampling is good

enough for cotton graders and tea tasters. The United States government grades wheat on the basis of samples. A housewife can pull one or two threads from a piece of goods and determine to her own satisfaction whether the piece is cotton or linen, cotton or wool. Gallup was sure the same type of procedure would give the right answer for public opinion if he could learn how to choose a fair sample of all the voters.

NOW, it is obvious that a fair sample of all the voters should contain, in correct proportions, persons from various geographical subdivisions, Democrats and Republicans, young voters and persons who have voted before, farmers and city dwellers, persons at various income levels—notably, in these days, persons on relief.

Gallup did not want to operate another straw vote; he wanted to conduct a scientific poll. A straw vote operator proceeds on the theory that the thing to do is to send out broadcast a comparatively large number of ballots, and hopes that the size of the cross-section reached will take care of maintaining correct proportions among the many diverse groups into which the population is divided. But one of the first things Gallup had learned when he began experimenting on newspaper reading habits was that, after he had tabulated a relatively small number of returns, the addition of further cases did not change the proportions. If the cross-section was

not a good one to begin with, increasing its size merely intensified the original error.

In any one city or county or state it is a matter of record how votes were cast in the 1932 presidential election. It follows, then, does it not, that a good cross-section of the voters in any city or county or state should maintain correct proportions among persons who voted for various candidates for president in 1932 and among persons who for any reason failed to vote? Gallup found out an absurdly easy way to check on his cross-section from the standpoint of this "control." The first question on every ballot the Institute of Public Opinion distributes by mail or by personal interviewer is: "For whom did you vote for president in 1932?" If returns fail to come back in correct proportions, more ballots are sent into the area in question until they do.

GALLUP is not satisfied to operate his polls under only one control. He is now using four others: Ballots must be returned from each state in proportion to voting population, and in each state correct proportions must be

maintained for voters who have come of age since 1932, for urban and rural dwellers and for persons in various income groups.

To show the necessity for maintaining some of these controls, consider the way ballots are marked when the question is: "For whom would you vote for president if the election were today?" Persons who are listed in *Who's Who in America* or who are leading business or professional men in their own communities favored a Republican in May over Roosevelt 73 to 27, but persons at the relief level preferred Roosevelt 80 to 20; persons living in towns of less than 2,500 population were for a Republican 51 to 49, whereas the voters in the ten largest cities in the country chose Roosevelt 61 to 39; young persons who will vote in their first presidential election this year were 65 to 35 for Roosevelt; farmers favored Roosevelt 54 to 46.

What chance would there be to get a correct total unless each of these and each of other similar groups is represented in accordance with its actual voting strength?

AMONG recent comments on the polls of the Institute of Public Opinion are these:

News-Week. "... widely credited as the most accurate barometer of public opinion yet devised."

Time. "... probably as accurate a sample of public opinion as is available."

Today. "... probably the most accurate of the samplers' thermometers."

Claude E. Robinson, author of *Straw Votes*. "... a distinct contribution to democratic government. ... a milestone in the profession of journalism."

The Psychological Corporation. "... our board of directors were unanimous that the merits of your studies were such as to warrant the support and co-operation of our professional group. With their approval, therefore, we wish to offer you the services of our group in any way which might contribute to the permanence or development of your studies as a scientific yardstick of social trends."

There may be some sense, after all, in the title of this article. Perhaps Gallup has founded a Fifth Estate. His future career will be worth watching.

So Instead of Editorials—

[Concluded from page 4]

Serious as his remarks may be intended or received, he is, nevertheless, allowed to "get away" with much more than a pusillanimous anonymous correspondent whom Emile Gauvreau and Representative T. L. Moritz of Pennsylvania believe should be eliminated by law.

Since I began using a by-line my writing has improved, not only because of the greater freedom of expression I have obtained but also because I have become more careful. It is impossible any more to use "canned" or "lifted" stuff. No longer is the responsibility of what appears on the editorial page one to be shared with the publisher or anyone else; I have personified myself as the scapegoat and must stand or fall alone.

With my name over what I write I must be accurate, I cannot plagiarize, I must give credit to others whose ideas I borrow, I must use more direct quotations. Most important of all, I must avoid subjects about which I know little or nothing.

Any objection which may be raised to the personal column of opinion on the ground that the average editor of a small town newspaper is not capable of conducting it—because he is incom-

petent to touch on the variety of subjects with which an editorial column must deal—applies just as forcefully to formal anonymous editorial writing. Occasionally the small town editorial writer may call upon some other staff member to contribute an editorial; in most cases, however, the editorials in a medium-sized paper are one person's responsibility and work. I do not believe that the discipline which the signed editorial imposes would hurt many editorial pages with which I am familiar.

AS far as the large newspaper is concerned it already has several editorial writers, each presumably handling subjects in his own field. At the recent convention of the American Society of Newspaper Editors, Gardner Cowles, Jr., of the *Des Moines Register and Tribune*, reported that as interest in the New Deal has grown, he has added to his editorial page, not the writings of anonymous staff members but the columns of Walter Lippmann, Frank Kent, Mark Sullivan and Jay Franklin. Cowles now is looking for a first rate Socialist columnist.

The signed column of opinion is the easiest and most recognizable way of

really separating editorial policy from news reporting, if that is the desideratum. As long as the anonymous editorial is accepted as the policy, not of any person or persons but of the newspaper as a corporation, readers expect to and believe they do find evidence in the news columns of "coloring" favorable to that opinion. When the editorial opinion is associated with a name or names, readers are not so likely to look for or to find it reflected in other parts of the paper.

To mention more directly my own experiment, it met with absolutely no adverse criticism from readers. On the other hand, when the innovation was made I received numerous favorable comments and have continued to receive them during the year. Many like the informality of the column, many the illustrations (there is at least one picture or cartoon daily), almost everyone, it seems, the fact that they can pin the responsibility upon a particular writer.

I make this summary, not in any attitude of vainglory but as my honest appraisal of the value of the idea. People now read my column who never looked at my often-as-good formal editorials. They say they like it because it's different, and there is not a week that someone does not ask me why other newspapers don't adopt the same system. Why don't they?

By J. GUNNAR BACK

THERE are only three radio fan magazines with national circulations. For free lancers, this market is additionally limited by the fact that innumerable writers who know the formula are ever at the doors of the



J. Gunnar Back

editors seeking assignments. To get an assignment, they must have an "angle." The favored "angle" is usually one promising lush sentiment, quite constantly the equivalent of "human interest" in fan publica-

tions. To begin with, the subject of the story must be a radio personality whose presence at the microphone has reverberated over a wide area, preferably from coast to coast. The "angle" comes next. If the personality is comparatively a new star, a straight biography may sell, though it has nothing more gaudy as an "angle" than the one suggested by a title like "She Was Always Afraid to Appear in Public." For example, starting off this way:

"Daisy DeVere made her first public appearance at the age of five. Even now, though a million people thrill to her voice every Tuesday night, she is still frightened to death by audiences. We were talking it over in her delightful apartment high above New York's East River. A fire was burning in the grate. Miss DeVere poured the tea herself, etc."

There should be something in that lead about the gown she was wearing as she poured the tea, but your correspondent, not having been there, begs off. It is safe to start out as suggested above, but the point to be made here is that if you are writing of a newcomer, a biography may sell. It may even sell if you decide on a less trite approach, if, knowing the facts of the career, you make an attempt to bring out genuine inherent human interest. The subject of your story may have been a high school friend. You may get the facts of the career even by an interview. Writing these facts without any embroidery other than writing interestingly, may lead to a sale.

THE QUILL for June, 1936

BUT when a star has been repeatedly written up in the radio magazines, the "angle" has to catch the reader's eye quickly. It must have what one editor calls a "come-on." Take an illustration. Kate Smith has been in the public eye, or one might say public ear, for four years. No biography would now sell, unless it had facts about her not hitherto revealed. A recent radio fan magazine story bore the title "Wedding Bells for Kate Smith?" Kate Smith has a romantic voice but a very bulky person. Has she won love? Bulky women are interested.

Radio fan magazines occasionally take stories on matters of general interest in radio, such as the value of broadcasting baseball, the rise of Father Coughlin, radio and crime, etc. These may be fairly sober pieces of writing. But on the whole, to keep fan magazines prosperous in deadly competition for dimes, their contents must be flashy, with due sentimental accolades for the subjects glorified.

Here is another typical opening. It begins a story on Robert L. Ripley, who is usually photographed as a vigorous, pith-helmeted world traveler gathering material in strange lands:

"Popular, wealthy, fabulously famous, extremely attractive to women—and still not married.

"Behind that picture of Bob Believe-It-or-Not Ripley lies a story. The story of Bob and a woman. It is an untold one. And it is the secret spring to the soul of one of the most interesting men of our generation."

THIS flourish comes from the type-writer of a woman who has made a living for years writing for fan magazines. Study her, and, as the poet Sir Philip Sidney once said, look into your heart, and write. Your humble servant offers you a list of the radio fan magazines:

Radio Stars, 149 Madison Ave., New York.

Radio Mirror, 122 E. 42nd St., New York (Macfadden).

Radio Guide, 731 Plymouth Court, Chicago (Weekly).

JOHN WHITING (Ohio University '36) is general manager of the *Standard-Reporter*, Montgomery, N. Y.

*

EDWIN H. ROHRBECK (Wisconsin '24) is agricultural editor at Pennsylvania State College.

FOREST HOPKINS (Ohio University '36) has joined the staff of the Zanesville (O.) *Times-Recorder*. He will have charge of all *Recorder* correspondents. Hopkins was editor of the *Green and White*, student newspaper at Ohio University, 1935-36.



The latest and greatest of the famous Merriam-Websters—backed by a century of leadership and representing the highest modern scholarship. Just completed at a cost of \$1,500,000. Twenty years newer than any comparable dictionary.

**WEBSTER'S
NEW INTERNATIONAL
DICTIONARY Second Edition**



1600,000 Entries —
122,000 Not Found in
Any Other Dictionary
11,000 Words of New
Words 112,000 Terms
Illustrated 11 Magnifi-
cent Plates in Color
and Half Tone 11,000
Articles 113,000 Geo-
graphical Entries
113,000 Biographical
Entries 11200 Valuable
Tables 113350 Pages
At Bookstores Or
Write For Pamphlet

G. & C. Merriam Co.
Springfield, Mass.

BY

JOHN P. LYONS

● Quill readers who are interested in free-lance work cannot afford to be without this booklet, which contains complete market information on more than 2,000 outlets. Single photos, news photos, news items, articles with or without photos are arranged in this up-to-date handy classified market guide. Requirements, payment rates, addresses and subjects used are included on these markets.

● When ordered from The Quill, Photo-Markets will be sent for Fifty Cents postpaid.

order now from

THE QUILL

836 Exchange Ave.

Chicago

• THE BOOK BEAT •

The Satisfying Newspaper must have a more varied content than a coverage of the local news happenings. It must have interpretative news features, good fiction, pictures, comics, departments that are best secured through the use of syndicated newspaper features. Western Newspaper Union is the recognized source of supply for such material, for daily and weekly papers of the nation, and has been for the past seventy years.



John E. Allen

For Better Looking Papers

NEWSPAPER MAKEUP, by John E. Allen. Harper & Brothers, New York City. 1936. \$4.

Until a few weeks ago there was no guide book for the editor or publisher desiring to keep his paper moving along the road of progress through improved appearance, legibility and general, all-around attractiveness. The need for such a guide had long been felt.

With the appearance of "Newspaper Makeup," by John E. Allen, editor of the *Linotype News* since its establishment 14 years ago, that need has been met—and admirably so. In a volume of nearly 500 pages, divided into 45 chapters and containing more than 400 illustrations he takes up every phase of newspaper makeup in detail. Good and bad examples of makeup are discussed and illustrated.

Front pages, editorial pages, society pages, sports pages, the advertising columns—every special page, general news pages, every department and section are covered—thoroughly so. The editor or publisher desiring to do something to improve the appearance of his paper has, in this volume, the experience, counsel and suggestions of an expert.

Mr. Allen, one of the best known men in his field, has made *Linotype News* a recognized style sheet and experimental laboratory of newspaper typography and makeup. His work led to numerous articles along those lines, articles which appeared in *Linotype News* and in other publications in

the journalistic field. Readers of *THE QUILL* will recall him as the author of a series of articles that appeared in the magazine several months ago.

This volume is really an outgrowth of his articles. He has, he states, sought to point out, "with many concrete examples, many of the things that work against attractiveness and legibility in newspapers, and many of the things that make newspapers more attractive and easier to read. Presented, also, is enough history of the physical evolution of newspapers to show what caused them to look as they did many generations ago, and what prompted them to change in appearance from time to time."

John Allen, through his numerous articles, editorials and editorship of *Linotype News* has been responsible for much of the improved appearance of American newspapers to date. Through this volume his influence will become even more marked.

His is the most substantial, practical and progressive contribution ever made to the improved appearance and effectiveness of the newspaper.

Books and Authors

Frank H. Hedges (Missouri '19) Japan correspondent for the *North American Newspaper Alliance*, the *Washington Post*, etc., is the author of a book of sketches, "In Far Japan," brought out by the Hokuseido Press, Tokyo, and distributed in the United States through the Argus Book Shop, Chicago, and G. E. Stechert & Co., New York. \$2.

Robert H. (Bob) Davis, author and noted columnist of the *New York Sun*, is off again on another extensive journey to the remote corners of the world in search of more of those yarns that make such delightful reading. Japan and China are his principal objectives. His latest book, by the way, is "—the More I Admire Dogs," a collection of true tales published by the D. Appleton-Century Co.

Gordon Friesen, 26-year-old crippled newspaperman who is the Weatherford (Okla.) correspondent for the *United Press* and several Southwestern papers, has written a novel—"Flamethrowers," published by the Caxton Printers, Ltd., of Caldwell, Iowa, which has aroused quite a bit of attention and controversy. It is a symbolic novel of the battle of man against man and man against his inner self, reports the *Sooner State Press*.

THE QUILL for June, 1936

NEWSPAPER MEN AND STUDENTS OF JOURNALISM

If you have chosen the Fourth Estate for your profession, you should choose *National Printer Journalist* for your magazine. If you are just entering the newspaper field, you will find this magazine a great aid to your career. If you are an old-timer at writing and publishing, you will discover fresh ideas in the many interesting articles on a wide variety of subjects which are contained in it each month.

No other publication covers the field so thoroughly.

Send \$1.00 for a year's subscription.

**NATIONAL
PRINTER
JOURNALIST**

219 So. Fourth Street, Springfield, Illinois

Headling Hunting

[Continued from page 9]

without food without protesting, was affectionate, and could be carried in a blouse. She had had it along with her for five years!

What matter that a war was going on! This turtle undoubtedly was a soul-mate. It was found in time in a kettle belonging to a British newspaperman. Luckily nobody had yet gone for the police. They had merely listened.

The anticlimax was a protest by the Englishman that his cooking kettle had been soiled, and the accusation by the Frenchwoman that he had intended cooking turtle soup!

NO, there was nothing like that in Manchuria. But Eritrea and Abyssinia are at high altitudes, and high altitude does funny things.

It also makes people irritable. Just the experience of making tea there, for example. It usually happened after a day's travel, when you would put up your tent, dog-tired. You would get out your cook stove, collect sufficient water almost by drops, and start an alcohol fire.

Then you would wait. Finally you would notice the water evaporating. But you would not notice any approach to boiling point! That was because water evaporates at a low temperature at high altitude! You would detect a slight agitation in the depth of the tea pot, and that would be all until at least half the water was gone in vapor.

I finally learned to put in twice the amount of water generally needed and to wait twice as long as normal when I wanted a cup of tea.

Most of the newspapermen finally cooked all their own food, using Italian canned products. This really meant just emptying the cans and heating them. Incidentally, the colonial campaign could not have been continued more than a month or two without the lowly tin can.

The reason we were forced to that extreme was because no Italian cook could be persuaded that he had to take the altitude into consideration when cooking spaghetti or goat meat. He would boil the spaghetti exactly the number of minutes he did at Genoa. The result was that it tasted like rubber.

THERE were no handicaps of this sort in Manchuria, for except when off the main road, it was always possible to sleep and eat well—if you had the time. The Japanese government

operated first-class hotels. Also, even off the main road, it always was possible to obtain tasty and healthy native food, either Chinese or Japanese.

I recall the American correspondents sitting around "chewing the rag" one day after cooking their own lunch. Every man there agreed that it would be wonderfully instructive if every American could undergo the experience of going just one month with a minimum of those elements most taken for granted—water, air and liberty.

All three were lacking in East Africa. Air becomes thin at a high altitude, and when combined with the usual disadvantages of tropical weather, is agonizingly insufficient unless you grow up in it or finally become accustomed to it. Even so it is impossible to work at any sort of pressure. I saw toughened newspapermen collapse like a fish out of water. That was the accurate description of the sensation suffered—suffocation. Gaggling for lack of air.

It was the inevitable retribution for overwork. Once a man has had to leave such a high altitude because his heart has rebelled at the expansion to which it was submitted, he can never return to it. He can recover as soon as he goes back to sea level—but he never can back to a high level.

I saw a man try. A husky. He had been a naval officer most of his life. He felt fine after a few days at a normal altitude, and then decided he would go back to Asmara. His paper requested him to do so, oblivious of the fact that obedience would mean death. He dashed back to sea level again, however, after I saw him literally clutching with his fingers for air.

IF it is virtually impossible for an average man to appreciate what it means to live in thin air, it is almost as difficult for an American to realize what it means to live in a region where water normally it almost non-existent except during the rainy season, when it is in excess. There was ample water for our needs at Asmara, for the pumping up of clear water to Asmara from the seacoast was the principal accomplishment of the Italians in their half-century of sovereignty over Eritrea.

The lack of water was acutely felt outside of Asmara. Curiously enough, the seaport of Massawa was without water, and I know of one American who bought enough bottled water to fill a tub half-way, and took a bath. It

44 Major Services for Printers and Publishers

The National Publisher, Service Letter, Editorials of the Month, Accounting Systems, Advertising Agency Lists, Special Edition Material, Directories of Specialty Printers, Engravings at Special Prices, Buyers' Guide, Investigations of Suspicious Advertising Concerns, Forms for Advertising Contracts, Advertising Budgets, Etc.

These are only part of the 44 Major Services that the

National Editorial Association

gives to its members in the regular course of Association work.

A Washington office proves of inestimable aid in keeping members informed concerning forthcoming legislation. The Washington Letter, a non-partisan account of the chief developments in the Nation's Capital, is available at small cost.

Every publisher will find his \$5.00 membership in the N. E. A. the most profitable investment he ever made.

National Editorial Association

134 North La Salle Street
Chicago, Illinois

INTERPRETIVE

The American Press digs down and plays up the news behind the news affecting newspapermen and newspaper making . . . revealing each development in its factual, dramatic entirety.

INFORMATIVE

Some of the contributors to The American Press: Sinclair Lewis, Earle Martin, Walter Duranty, J. Edgar Hoover, Westbrook Pegler . . . You'll find the American Press always

INTERESTING

SUBSCRIPTIONS \$1 A YEAR

THE AMERICAN PRESS

225 West 39th St.

NEW YORK

cost a young fortune, but he said it was worth it.

I recall a journey I made to an interior fortress. Everything within the fortress was open, from the entrance to the storehouse for food to the gate into the munitions magazine. I noticed only one lock and key—and that was on the water keg! It was fastened at the tap! The key was in an officer's pocket, and he was held strictly responsible.

I recall a newly-constructed road. Almost the only traffic I noticed on my journey to and fro consisted of water-wagons, powerful trucks containing metallic water containers. Only the officers washed their faces at most posts, and then only on special occasions. It would have been a crime to waste water that way.

THERE were contrasting differences between the news sources in the Sino-Japanese and the Italo-Ethiopian conflicts. In the former it always was possible to check to some extent, and the censorship usually was spasmodic and always was inefficient.

Probably nowhere in the world, except possibly in Soviet Russia, has censorship been so strict and well enforced as by the Italian forces. This was made possible by the isolation of the territory. All communications were in one hand. Manchuria was far away, too, but not isolated in that sense. Communications there were under a varied control.

Both colonial campaigns in one respect passed through a similar phase—the weaning away of press control by the army from the civilian departments. This was accomplished much more rapidly in Manchuria by the Japanese, and never was completely achieved in East Africa. The Japanese with naive realism made their spokesman also the censor, and he was an army major!

It was not until Marshal Pietro Badoglio arrived in Eritrea to take control that the army really settled down to the business of taking charge of what was told and what was allowed to pass. The chief censor there also was a major, and he took the stand that until news was mentioned in an army communique it could not be passed. Even fascist party communiques were held up under this ruling!

The controversy between civilians and the military dragged on in East Africa, but was quickly settled by the Japanese. I recall how. The civilian spokesman stepped into a room where the army spokesman had arranged for a press conference, and took a seat to listen.

"Those seats are for newspapermen—please stand up," the major snapped. The civilian never returned, and that ended any civilian efforts to participate in news releases in Manchuria.

Italian censorship in East Africa was stricter than World War censorship, but the Japanese was less so. Italians put down an ironclad ban on the mention of any names of individuals or of places. Even Badoglio himself could not be mentioned in a cable. He could only be referred to as the "new high-commander." Instead of cities or towns you would be allowed to designate a region. The obvious result of the restriction on personal names was that only official heroes could be created. This ban, incidentally, was partly an effort by the army authorities to restrict the publicity given party favorites.

SO far as spot news was concerned, a correspondent in Italian East Africa was at a distinct disadvantage compared with his colleague at Rome. The opposite was true in Manchuria. News went faster from Manchuria than from Japan. All Italian communiques on the warfare were referred first to Rome for supervision and "correction" before release. In the early part of the campaign a compromise was made with the newspapermen promising simultaneous release at Rome and Asmara. This merely added cable tolls and increased the delay, and the Italian government itself finally abandoned the system. Then all that correspondents at the front could hope for on the Italian side was permission to send a limited amount of "embroidery" on communiques. A few picturesque details and that was all.

Correspondents at the front soon learned how complete was the control exerted by Premier Benito Mussolini over all phases of the campaign. Referring communiques to Rome meant simply referring them to the Duce. That was the reason for some extraordinary delays.

The opposite was true in Manchuria. The Japanese army there felt it to be humiliating to be expected to refer anything to Tokyo—and it gave out its own news and decided its own policies irrespective of what news was given out and what policies were decided on at Tokyo! This conflict was constantly evident, particularly in Japanese foreign office statements and those by the Kwantung army in Manchuria. It was only much later that routine-rutted diplomats of foreign governments finally took this into at least minor consideration.

The Japanese did not put any serious restraint on the movements of foreign correspondents. The Italians were able to do this more completely than it has ever been done before outside of the U. S. S. R. Marshal Badoglio first forbid correspondents to move out of Asmara at all, even to go to the orange groves of Cheren, in interior Eritrea, far from the scene of any warfare, which the correspondents wanted to visit for a rest.

Later, after much persuasion, and after a number of the leading correspondents had cabled their offices requesting withdrawal, he compromised. He permitted selected correspondents to go in a batch to a point designated by himself, and always accompanied by a military officer responsible for what they would see.

THESE restrictions were enforced to the letter. Strange as it may seem, this ban on unaccompanied movement extended anywhere, to the interior of Eritrea itself, where the Italians had been in control for 50 years. Correspondents who wished to traverse Eritrea by automobile so as to leave through the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan when steamer schedules at Massawa were unfavorable, were forbidden to do this. They could fly to the Sudanese frontier town of Kassala, but were not allowed to go by land. This ban created a great deal of speculation.

Newspapermen were frankly informed that if their dispatches were not satisfactory they would not be allowed to return to Eritrea. The Japanese policy was immeasurably more far-seeing. I had the unpleasant duty of cabling probably the most unfavorable story ever sent out during the entire Manchurian warfare. It was confirmation of the massacre of the inhabitants of three villages. There was no suggestion from any official source that I would be refused a visa as a result. I know world-famous newspaper correspondents who were told in so many words that an unfavorable dispatch would result in refusal of permission for them ever to re-enter Italian East Africa.

There was no contrast, however, in one aspect of the colonial warfare in both Manchuria and the Far East. Individually the Italians and the Japanese army officers and privates were "good sports" full of enthusiasm for what they were doing, feeling that they were doing right, and gay companions for the newspaper correspondents. They were brave men who followed orders.

Volcano!

[Concluded from page 7]

sometimes finding underground channels not far from the source. A fiery zigzag down the hill.

The three of us stood in the red glare, all thoughts of gnawing hunger and swollen feet banished by the glorious spectacle. Gus summed it all up rather neatly, I thought:

"Swell, ain't it?" he said, almost reverently.

Agreeing, I got out my movie camera, to find that the spring motor had been frozen by the mountain cold. I was able to crank the machine by hand, however, and took my close-up shots of Mauna Loa in action.

TOO weary to move, we decided to camp on the trail until dawn. Stiff with cold, we huddled there until day-break, then started down, this time following the trail which we knew would show the quickest way back.

At noon we reached the Puu Ulaula resthouse where a Hawaii National Park ranger greeted us. He had seen us limping down the trail and had pork and beans waiting when we arrived. To weary hikers who had lived three days on an orange diet, that was the best meal ever served. The ranger also donated for me an old pair of shoes, for my hiking boots had about fallen apart. Then, before setting out again down the trail, we bound up Gus' almost useless shoes with adhesive tape stripped from my film packs.

One more night we spent on Mauna Loa, finding fairly comfortable refuge in a shed beside the trail, at 6,000 feet altitude. Next morning we reached a U. S. army reservation and at the camp dispensary had our feet, swollen and sore from four days of hiking, treated. An army truck took us to Hilo just in time to catch the steamer "Hualalai" for Honolulu and home.

Mauna Loa or Mauna Kea or perhaps Kilauea, third of Hawaii's active volcanoes, may soon be in action again. Hundreds will go by water and air to see the spectacle close at hand. And I'll perhaps be sent over with the first to get some action shots. All right, I'll go, but next time—I shiver and sweat as I say it—I'm going prepared!

PHILIP D. TAYLOR (DePauw '35) was chosen as alternate winner of a Pulitzer Prize scholarship for travel in Europe. Taylor is at present employed on the *Wall Street Journal* and is majoring in journalism at the Pulitzer school of journalism at Columbia University. His home is in Bloomington, Indiana, where he was formerly employed on the *Bloomington Weekly Star*.

THE QUILL for June, 1936

WHO • WHAT • WHERE

EARL SHAFFER (Indiana '32) joined the advertising staff of the Muncie (Ind.) *Star* about three months ago. Prior to that time he had served for almost a year as advertising manager of the Hartford City (Ind.) *News*.

J. ALLEN BRADNICK (Indiana '35) is city editor of the Franklin (Ind.) *Star*.

J. STANLEY LIVINGSTON (Washington State College '35) is general assignment reporter on The Yakima (Wash.) *Daily Republic*.

TRUMAN R. LETTS (Stanford '34) has joined the staff of the *Associated Press*, Denver, Colo.

LYOYD V. GUSTAFSON (Minnesota '31) is a reporter on the city staff of the Duluth *Herald*, covering general run—conventions, civic affairs, federal building.

JOHN E. BROWN (Ohio State '34) is employed with the Division of Criminal Investigation, Works Progress Administration, New York.

W. HERBERT ROBERTS (South Dakota '31) is associate industrial engineer with the General Management Corporation, 231 South LaSalle Street, Chicago.

CURTIS G. SMALL (Illinois Associate), managing editor of the Harrisburg (Ill.) *Daily Register*, was elected president of

the Southern Illinois Editorial Association at its annual spring meeting in Highland on May 8.

ROBERT EVANS (Florida '35) is working in Bartown, Florida, as county correspondent for the *Lakeland Ledger* and the *Tampa Tribune*.

JEAN PAUL KING (Washington '26) is a free lance radio announcer in New York, doing the Goldbergs five days a week on the Columbia Broadcasting System and the Ziegfeld Follies of the Air. King has just finished a novel and is now seeking a publisher. He says he is training his two and one-half year old son, Paul, to be an editor and support his father.

JOHN ALDEN (Ohio University '32) is advertising manager of the *Republican-Press*, Salamanca, N. Y.

WARD CONAWAY (Ohio University '33) is publisher of the *Morrow County Independent*, Cardington, Ohio.

WEAR YOUR BADGE EVERY DAY

Write for your insignia prices and your copy of the

BALFOUR BLUE BOOK

L. G. BALFOUR COMPANY

Attleboro, Massachusetts

New Royal Portable With Touch Control—For Success in Writing

Writers everywhere are finding the New Royal Portable easier, faster, smoother—"Touch Control is the answer," agree thousands who have tried the New Royal Portable. Only with Royal can the Key tension be instantly adapted to the individual touch of the user.



Professional writers, too, choosing a new Royal for their personal writing, find their thoughts converted into typewritten words with the greatest of ease and a minimum of effort on this New Royal Portable.

See your nearest dealer. Try the amazing new Royal Portable. Standard in keyboard and action—handsome—sturdy—easy to use.

Royal Typewriter Company, Inc.

427 West Randolph Street

Chicago, Illinois

AS WE VIEW IT

There's Still Hope!

NEWSPAPER people have been wondering for years just what to do with the editorial page. They have known it lacked the necessary "it," "umph" or whatever you may choose to call it that attracts readers.

Some editors tried the Hearst method of slamming editorials on the front page every now and then in 10 or 12 point bold face. Others tried the same tactics on the editorial page itself—adding cartoons, photographs, initial letters, more white space, etc., etc., in an effort to pump life into the page.

They spurred their editorial writers—urged them to write about things closer to readers' hearts—to quit dealing with abstract topics, to discard two-bit words for plain everyday nickel a piece or dime a dozen ones that everyone understood. Yet, for one reason or another, editorial pages seemed to continue on the path toward oblivion or—worse—innocuous desuetude.

Curtis D. MacDougall, a Ph.D. and a former journalism professor to boot, determined to do something about it. He was in a position to having become editor of the Evanston (Ill.) *News-Index*. He threw out editorials and substituted a personal column on the editorial page in the space where the editorials used to be. He labeled his remarks "Instead of Editorials" and later, as now, simply "The Editor Says—"

He believes that the editorials are read now—that readers like the personal touch, that they like to hear from the editor or writer even when they don't agree with him. He feels that anything is better than the time-worn editorial "we." Read what he has to say about the results of the experiment—now a proven practice.

Young Blood and New Blood

MACDOUGALL'S experiment at Evanston leads also to this thought—that newspapers as a whole are still too set in their ways. They continue to do things year after year because they've always been done that way. Their editors, or at least their copy desks, insist that stories be written in the same old way—you know, the way that could be handled by blank forms with spaces for names and addresses to be written in.

They spend money for expensive promotion stunts that may mean absolutely nothing to the paper in the way of circulation, good will or prestige. And, as far as that is concerned, with the possible exception of the Gallup surveys and perhaps a few others, what attempts ever have been made on a really sound basis to determine just what DOES interest people?

But to get back to our theme. Editors are wary of new comic strips or new features until some one else has bought them first. "Who else has bought this?" they ask the syndicate salesmen. They are afraid to make any radical changes in any department. They are slow to make changes they feel sure they will have to make

sooner or later. Publishers ponder the question of color presses, new roto presses, better picture and engraving equipment—and not because of the expense alone.

The oldsters like to sit on the youngsters. To put them "in their places"—to let experience speak—to follow time-proved and time-worn

grooves. Not all of them to be sure—else there never would be any progress. And not that the youngsters shouldn't be set upon every now and then—that the experience of their seniors can't help them.

But—repeating a little of what we said last month because we feel so strongly on this point—newspapers are in flux. They are in a changing world—a world changing so rapidly in thought and manners and habits that no one knows what tomorrow will bring.

Newspapers will have to change—to keep pace—or be left far behind in the order of things. And it's gratifying to note that there are editors who will dare to experiment with established traditions, to weigh them and possibly cast them aside for something new. It's also gratifying to know there are publishers with vision and foresight enough to realize things can't go on forever as they have in the past.

More power to the MacDougalls of the journalistic profession—to the Gallups and the others who are questioning what is being done in the publishing business, why it's being done, what of it is effective and what better substitutes might be provided. They'll keep the profession and business moving along—encourage others to experiment, discard and improve.

Journalistic Bequest

THE largest bequest ever made for the advancement of journalism in this country—a trust fund that may reach several millions—has been made to Harvard University by the terms of the will of Mrs. Agnes Wahl Nieman, widow of the late Lucius W. Nieman, founder of the *Milwaukee Journal*. Mrs. Nieman died recently, her husband last October.

The will provides that the bulk of Mrs. Nieman's estate go into a reserve to be known as the Lucius W. Nieman and Mrs. Agnes Wahl Nieman Fund, which "shall be invested and the income thereof used to promote and elevate the standards of journalism in the United States."

It is proposed that the fund be used "to educate persons being especially qualified for journalism in such manner as the authorities of Harvard College from time to time shall deem wise." It suggests this be done "by the giving of prizes to writers and students, or to newspapers and magazines, or by payment of fellowships, scholarships, or stipends to undergraduate students or amateur or professional writers working in journalism, or deemed especially qualified for work in journalism, or by any other means deemed wise by said board of Harvard College."

There are tremendous possibilities for good in the broad terms of the bequest and we feel certain that Harvard officials will not be hasty in their application of the funds to be derived from the bequest. All credit to the Niemans that a fortune derived from journalism should be left in such a large way for the furtherance of the profession.

AT DEADLINE

[Concluded from page 2]

every Sunday I'd be a regular reader. That fellow knew what he was writing about—and he did a fine job of telling it."

Their remarks brought a laugh from a young reporter standing nearby.

"That's a good one," he cracked.

"Now what the hell's eating you?" demanded one of the speakers. "What are you smirking about?"

"What you said about that article of Barlow's," retorted the youngster.

"What's wrong with what we said," demanded the second copy reader truculently. "It IS a swell story—and if you could write one like it you'd have a right to talk."

"I never said anything against the story," came back the youngster. "Sure, it's a swell story."

"Then what in the—"

"What struck me so funny," the youngster continued, "was hearing you bozos heaping praise on it."

"What's so funny about that—Lord knows, we don't see many we can praise," exploded one of the butchers.

"Just this," responded the cub as he edged toward the city room door, "I was wondering what sort of tune you birds would have sung if you had known that the chap who wrote the yarn happens to be a journalism teacher at the University of Illinois, now on leave!"

"Well, I'll be——" chorused the copy desk in unison as the cub swung out of the room—still chuckling.

WE'VE been trying for about two years to persuade our favorite columnist—H. C. L. Jackson, who has been conducting the "Listening in on Detroit" column in the *Detroit News* for the last six years—to write an article for *THE QUILL* on his experiences.

We're still trying. Our hopes are higher than they have been during the two years. Jack hasn't written the piece telling how he conducts a column but the other day he did pass on a tip to several of us on how NOT to conduct a column.

The story concerned a columnist he knew who was not receiving very much mail. The publisher of the paper placed a lot of weight on the mail count—and a friend of the columnist's tipped him off that if he wanted to continue on the payroll he'd better up his mail.

The columnist thought it over. Then an opportunity—as he saw it—presented itself. A farmer shot a dog that had invaded his property, killed a sheep or two and otherwise raised canine Cain. The columnist wrote a

ringing defense of the farmer and said plenty of derogatory things about dogs in general.

The day the column appeared the mail began rolling in. The next day even more of it came and by the third day they were dumping it on his desk by bags. He was getting reader response all right. All you had to do was make a few cracks about dogs and the old mail count went up like a balloon.

"The only drawback," observed Jack, "was that about 90 per cent of the letters demanded that the guy who'd dare write such things about dogs be canned. And he was!"

WILLIAM SHIPMAN MAULSBY, who writes of Dr. Gallup and the American Institute of Public Opinion in this issue, is editorial director of the Institute. He first met Gallup when he, Maulsby, was teaching journalism at the University of Iowa and Gallup was a student there. Mr. Maulsby's career has included service with the Springfield (Mass.) *Republican*; the *Christian Science Monitor*; the *Des Moines Register*, and the *Pittsburgh Sun-Telegraph*. In addition to teaching at Iowa, he was professor of journalism and later head of the department of journalism at the University of Pittsburgh.

ARE YOU REGISTERED with the PERSONNEL BUREAU?

Many Sigma Delta Chi alumni have found positions that would not have been available except through contacts established by The Personnel Bureau. Employers are given the services of the bureau in securing staff additions without cost. The advantage of making their selections from a number of qualified men causes these men to use the bureau repeatedly.

Experienced men are always in demand, and many organizations seek college trained journalists without requiring years of experience.

During March seventeen requests for recommended men were received at the Chicago office. The positions included staff connections on daily papers, weekly papers, magazines and press associations. In April twenty-two requests came in.

Register now by writing

- THE PERSONNEL BUREAU • SIGMA DELTA CHI NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS • 836 EXCHANGE AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
- J. W. ELLIOTT • THE PERSONNEL BUREAU • SIGMA DELTA CHI • 618 SOUTH SPRING AVENUE, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

Business Is Good

for Those Who Make It Good

Over three hundred of the country's daily newspapers used EDITOR & PUBLISHER in 1935 to sell their space to national advertisers and their advertising agents. From present indications this list will show a substantial gain during 1936.

EDITOR & PUBLISHER reaches all the arteries of American business. It is a fifty-two time helper every year to the sales and advertising executives of advertised businesses of America. It reaches the ones who appropriate and decide how much and where the advertising will be placed.

Is it not logical that EDITOR & PUBLISHER produces results for its advertisers? EDITOR & PUBLISHER devotes its columns mainly to newspaper markets and newspaper advertising. It is the clearinghouse for the news of the day. It talks to those who plan the newspaper campaigns, those who execute them, because EDITOR & PUBLISHER is the authority and is so recognized.

National advertising will come faster and easier if helped along by consistent advertising of your newspaper. Use EDITOR & PUBLISHER regularly to create lineage gains. You can do so by an aggressive campaign in EDITOR & PUBLISHER—by using advertising continually and by telling your story convincingly.

EDITOR & PUBLISHER

Suite 1700

Times Building

New York